CLOSED

ALL DAY TODAY.

Tomorrow we will againshow you the finest line of Millinery, Clocks and Novelties in the city of Washington.

THE BON MARCHE.

314-316 Seventh St.

this market will rally, the people who have money will buy and wait. Justassoonas the public mind gets fixed in one way, then there is sure to be a rapid move in the op-posite direction."

judgment. If a man owns a thing, healways believes in it. Why should he? So the best

believes in it. Why should he? So the best thing is to stick to one line at a time. Make up your mind about it carefully, and then hang to that line of conduct. Even if it all goes. If you win or lose, keep out of it long enough to get your balance. Any one who plays all the time is bound to lose. Another good rule is to buy when the grass grows, and sell when it dies."

"What sort of women play?"

"All sorts. I was talking this morning toanex-teacher. Awoman whowasformerly principal of a Washington school, but who married. She has just lost heavily in

married. She has just lost heavily in whisky—that is, distillery and cattle feed, you know."

"But she was as agreeable and pleasant as if nothing had happened. She plays well. I used to have Congressmen's wives, and wives of army and navy officers. Thenthere are the women who make their own living.

are the women who make their own living. They like to speculate as a rule."
"Are they reckless?"
"O, no. They are more careful than the others. They are pickers; they simply get a nibble here and there. They never really

nake anything. It isn't done that way."
"And you, won't you piease tell me what can possibly be interesting after such an engrossing occupation?"

TYPE OF HER KIND. She stood up with her departing caller, and the light fell on her face. She was

and the light fell on her face. She was typically new, a commercial minded woman. Her dark hair was piled up on her little head, above an intellectual brow. Her eyes were dark and keen, and her mouth was practical. Her dress was womanish, however. Not a trace of the masculine affectation.

affectation.
"Certainty, I will tell you what I am
doing. I am managing a baking powder
company, and I find it interesting. It
gives me more lessure, too. I like to
have time to live."

I couldn't avoid going to the place I had

heard of, as my curiosity was aroused. The place is on F street. It is very ele-gant. The floors are carpeted with tapea-try, and the front of the building is a ladies'

Lansburgh & Bro 🖁

Closed

Open tomorrow morning at the usual hour with the prices thousands of fine Handkerchiefs, reduced because they became mussed during the rush. A splendid opportunity for those in search of Handkerchief Bargains.

50 Shaving Cases left. Worth \$1.00. Can be yours for 43c.

25 per cent discount on all Fancy Boxes.

25 per cent reduction on all Jewelry, Fancy Atomizers, etc.

10,000 yards \$1.25 Plisse Silk, 59cts.

ansbuigh & Bro.

420, 422, 424, 426 7th St.

S.Kann, Sons & Co.

8th and Market Space.

Closed ALL DAY Today.

BIG Cloak Sale

Iomorrow

See Star for items.

THE EVANS DINING ROOMS, 922-924 F St. N. W. Selow is the menu for Christmas Day at the Evans Dining Room. A superb table d'hote dinner for only 23 cents: table d'hote d'inner for only 25 cents:
Terrapin, a la Maryland. Oyster, Bisque
Boiled Columbia Salmon. Egg. auca.
Roast Rhode Isiand Turkey, Crauberry
Sauce. Rib of Engli-h Beef. Leg of
Black Bear, Apple Sauce. Roast Wild
Canadian Goose, stuffed Shrimp Sauce.
Fried Calves' Brains, with Mushrooma.
Saddle of Venisan, Currant Jelly. Potato
Salad, Chicken Salad. Baked Pork and
Beans, Boston style. White Potatoes,
Lima Beaus, Green Peas, Sugar Corn.
Mince Pie. Pumpkin Pie. Cherry Pie,
Peach Pie. English Plum Podding.
Hard and Braudy Saule, Raisins, Baananas, Figs, Catawha Grapos, Citron
Cake, Sherry Wine Jelly.

Fresh Laid Eggs.

You cannot improve on a nice fresh egg—the trouble is ts get fresh ones. We look after that. Our Fauer Riggs are put up in one dozen patent pocket boxes, and every egg is guaranteed fresh. The price is no higher than others ask for inferior qualities. WILKINS & COMPANY, Equare Marble and Glass Stands.



Brown's Iron Bitters

CIA, RIDNEY AND LIVED THOUSES, IMPURE BLOOD, A. NERVOUS AILMENTS. WOMEN'S COMPLAINTS.

WOMEN'S COMPLAINTS.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red
lines on the wrapper.

SROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORS, MR. 10101010101010101010101010

UNDERTAKERS

J. WILLIA M LEE. UNDERTARER.
832 Pa. Ave. N. W.
First-class service. Thone, 1885.
jyé-6m

DIED. REYNOLDS—Died Monday, December 23, 1896, at 12 m., John W. Reynolds, ir., beloved husband of Mamie Reynolds, son of John W. Reynolds, in his thirty-sixth year. Funeral Thursday at 2 p. m., from his father's residence, 201 C st. ne. Relatives ap Weiends invited to attend.

SOCIETY'S FESTIVE PERIOD

Events That Will Brighten the Season of the Yuletide.

Christmas Happenings and Gossij Among Well-Known People-Receptions and Teas.

Merry Xmas at the capital. The morning of surprises dawned clear and fair, and the small boy and girl, and grown-up folks as well, are rejoicing in pos sessions lately acquired and a grateful sease of being pleasantly remembered. Every variety of gift for young America, from silver-plated carpenters tools to live canaries, has received the approbation of that symbol of juvenile precocity, and his elders likewise are happy. The pretty debutante hinshingly acknowledges her delight of dozens of big bouquets tied with broad ribbons to match in that ribbons, violets

or roses.

The young chap from college rearranges on his gargoyled pape rack a new collection of his life's solace—brooding over the clearness and color of their amber tips.

Everywhere youth and pleasure have sway, while kneeling, reverent crowds thank God in the charches for a Merry Xmas.

Miss Mary Parson of Baltimore is the guest of Miss Eulalia E. Brown of B street conthest.

The Washington Lotto Club held its weekly meeting Thursday last at Mrs. Watson's, No. 427 Fourth street, on Thursday last. Mrs. Hillers won the first prize, a gold and silver almond spoon, the booby prize, a dainty little cream jug, being awarded to Mrs. Westerness.

Among those present were Mrs. Fitz-ingh, Mrs. Costin, Mrs. Walker. Miss Ross,

The social calendar for today shows:
Mrs. and Miss Sheridan, a tea, 5 o'clock.
Miss Edes, a tea, 5 o'clock.
Mrs. Richardson, a tea, to meet Miss
Phelps and Miss Wilmerding.
Miss Todd, a dance.

FAIR SAMARITANS.

The Good Work of Famously Rich and Beautiful Women.

Beautiful Women.

With scarcely an exception, the girls whose coming-out teas and frocks and daily doings are faithfully chronicled, are women who devote almost as much time and attention to their charities as they do to their gowns.

For instance, Miss Gertrude Vanderbit celebrates her birthdays in most charming fashion. She invites a party of girls belonging to the Friendly Society to spend the afternoon with her. Loncheon is provided, agread forth as daintily with flowers and fruits as though the entertainment were for the hostess' intimate friends, and each girl carries away as a souvenir of the occasion a box of hon-bons and a basket of flowers.

SLEEP ON THE WISHBONE.

It Will Determine Whether You Wil

Marry or Become an Old Maid.

The sentimental girl will have an opportunity on Christmas Day of finding out for a certainty whether she or her bosom friend will be married first. The wishbone of the Christmas turkey is infallible in that respect. The most approved method is for the two friends to pull the wishbone, the one getting the larger piece with the flat end being the one who will first be married. A young woman who has been most successful in getting the larger end says you can't fail to get it if you simply held your end and let the other one pull.

After you have pulled the bone and broken the larger piece you can either hang it up on the door to see whom you will marry, or you may find it out in another way.

Have a friend write the names of five men Marry or Become an Old Maid.

LATEST IN WRAPS



Mrs. King, Mrs. Hiller, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Roberts, Miss Watson and Mrs. Harrell, The club will be entertained next week by Mrs. Fitzhugh at No. 222 E street

Master Harold Smith was given a pop-corn party last night at the home of his grand-mother, Mrs. Katharine Motley of Capitol Hill. Games and pop-corn parching were the amusements of the evening, and a dainty

collation was spread.

Among those present were Misses Nettic and May Foy, Miss Elsie Barnes, Miss Dollie White, and Masters Willie Spence, Johnny Dalton, Frank Wilber, and Harry and Eddi

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Schneider have returned from a month's visit to Mont-treal.

A pleasant Christmas gathering was held at the kindergarten of Miss Jessié Holman on East Capitol street, where Senator Mitchell's little ones attend. All had their

King's Palace

will be open till noon today. We are still showing by ar the best line of Cloaks and Jackets in the city at prices that will appear almost incomprehensible to you when you see the goods, they are such wonderful val-

Our stock of Millinery will delight you, it is so large and varied and so wonderfully cheap.

\$5 Ostrich Boas, \$2.98. nume Osicich Feather Neck regular \$5.00 value—it was ky purchase enables us to sell

\$2.98.

King's Palace,

812-814 Seventh St. N. 715 Market Space.

you know on separate pieces of paper, and fold the papers up. On two other slips write respectively, "stranger" and "cld maid." Then have your friend place the wishbone Then have your friend place the wishbone and the seven slips of paper in an envelope and shake them up. Place the envelope under your pillow for seven successive nights, each morning drawing out one slip. The paper drawn on the seventh morning contains your fate. If it bears the name of "the particular he," you may be sure it will "come true." If it, alast bears the words "old maid," you have the consolution of knowing that your friend who pulled the bone with you shares the same fate, for, according to the way the bone broke, you are to be married first. are to be married first.

Some Dainty Aprops

Some Dainty Aprons.

To provide pretty and suitable aprons for children is not always easy, especially when something useful as well as pretty is desired. Lawns, mulls, cross-bar muslin and linen are all good material for aprons, but for usefulness black material is better than whitegoods. It will wear longer without getting sofled, and it can be so gayly trimmed that it will lose its somber effect altogether.

Black muslin, either in checks or stripes, is mostly used. An apron made from this goods was trimmed with rows of feather stitching, done with yellow wash silk, says the Housekeeper. Another, requiring more work, had each ruffle finished with a bem-stitched hem. The stitching was done with pale green, and it produced a very good effect.

Misunderstood.

Mrs. Gossip—My husband won't eat any fruits with seeds in 'em. He even has his tomatoes strained.

Mrs. Newly Wed—Why's that?

Mrs. Gossip—He seems to have appendicitis on the brain.

Mrs. Newly Wed—That's very odd. I always thought it was a disease of the stomach.—New York World.

Christmas Chrysolites. A holey Christmas stocking catches n

A winter opening—the Christmas stocking The great Christmas presence—Sants Claus.
On Christmas never look a gift eigar in the

wall street stock-kings don't hang out or

Wall street stock-kings don't hang out on Christmas.

A white Christmas makes a grave undertaker.

A Christmas three—stocking, Santa Claus and present.

Time must be precious to the man who writes it "X mas."

Icy side walks show which way the Christmas slippers go.

Christmas "lippers"—those who kiss beneath the mistletoe.

neath the mistletoc.

As the Christmas tree is bent, so are the presents inclined.

Christmas is present time that should always prove pastime.

Dabbling in Stocks Not Confined to the Male Sex.

there, also.

However, before I went, and this is a true story of one in search of wisdom, I net the first woman again, and thought heat to get at some facts and have done with glittering generalities. She was entering her home, and invited me in out of the rain. We sat in the drawing-room window and I observed her excitement was increased rather than abated.

"How is it with you today?" I asked.
"Oh, it's gone, all gone; I couldn't save myself."

myself."
She spoke not with despair as the words would indicate, but with a nervous force that suggested that she was going to get something somewhere and begin again. As her hands were covered with rings richly jeweled I thought she was by no means at the end of her thether.
"Want makes you speculate?" I asked.
"O, I don't know. It's my life. I began long ago. I have kept it up. I do nothing else. Bit it's an awful life. I'm a wreck."
"Won't you please try to go back to that beginning and tell me of it?"

WANTED TO MAKE MONEY. Why, yes; to please you. I was living

in San Francisco ten years ago. I met a gentleman in the hotel who was literary, a

achelor and interesting. We became

hummy over books. Oneday he asked me if

chummy over books. One day he asked me if I would like to make a pile of money quickly. I asked how. He explained that he was a board of trade man. His affairs had tied his money up, but if he had \$1,000 he could use it to advantage.

"I didn't ask what he proposed to do. He simply promised to give me back the thousand if I loaned it to him and all that it earned up to \$10,000. Over that he would take. I loaned him the money and got back \$11,000 in a week."

"That was excellent."

"Ah, but it doesn't go that way commonly. I came East. Some one else was buying stock, and I went in with him. I went over to New York on a visit and he wired me that to save myself I must put up another thousand.

"I didn't understand things then. But it were many to part of the save of

other thousand.
"I didn't understand things then. But
it worried me. We had a theater party.
During the play my companions said to me
'You look pale; aren't you well?' My
friend replied for me: 'She is worried over

stocks. He was surprised, and smilingly asked what it was I was mixed up in. I gave him the name of the road. He became all attention, and asked:

"Have you bought or sold?"
"I have bought."
"Then, said he, you get back to Washington at once and seil. Sell all you can I am the counsel for that road, and I know

it is going into the hands of a receive Don't use my name to any one, but go bac and sell.'

"I hurried back and tried to urge my friend to sell, but he wouldn't. He talked to the people at the brokers, and determined to hang on. Then came one of those

TEMPTED BY EARLY SUCCESS

Make Failures, All Know the Pangs of Occasional Losses-Wives of Prominent Men Among the Crowd of Feminine Gumblers

It was while on a Christmas shopping tour recently that The Times' woman retour recently that the Times woman reporter and a companion ran into a very
charming woman wearing an oyster white
coat, a big black velvet hat and a jabot of
lace, which made a swiri of lines under
an exceedingly prefty face.

She was excited, This was apparent in
the finsh of her cheeks, which caused one

to look attenuvely at her brown and velvety eyes. The excitement was also revealed in the tenseness of her rid his, which showed little white teeth between them as she talked.

taiked.

One describes her prettaness in detail, because it is singular, considering what she talked about.

A very pretty woman is supposed to talk about tritles or pleasantries. She talked of very serious and weighty matters. My friend chatted with her, and I observed from the other side of the bargain table and listened.

the other side of the bargain case and it the thing keeps on I am ruined."
"I am so sorry." nurmured the friend, "how did it happen?"
"Oh, don't ask me; I don't know. It's these thieves and rogues, and it's Mr. Cleveland, too. Isn't he perfectly brutal to talk of war?"

land, too. Isn't he perfectly brutal to talk of war?"
"But he can't consider—you see these things don't enter into his calculations it's the honor of the country, and that sor

of thing."
"Then, it's that Oiney," she exclaimed,
quite inconsequentially. "I know Oiney
puts him up to it, and he is so stubborn,
he would rush the country into war. If he
rumed everybody,"
"O, you're not ruined," said the other,

soothingly.
"I am, or I will be tomorrow. This is a
fearful life!"

A PENININE SPECULATOR. "Why, that woman is a speculator," he answered. "She is supposed to be very shrewd, too. She is charming, but an in-veterate gambler."
"And what in the world did she mean in

"And what in the world dud and Br. Ohney?"
"Oh, you know, it's this talk of war which has caused a panicky feeling in stocks.
They took a great slump yesterday and wiped out the fortunes of people who hadn't plenty of money to back their

deals."

All this was Greek to me, and I decided to go and talk to this little woman myself. So I took her dddress in a notebook, and for the moment forgot her.

Now, as all things group themselves
around a given center in this universe, it
seemed that I was to be the center for the
moment around which these tales of feminine woe should circle. The next day I
was lunching with a literary and society
woman of Washington at a cafe. We had woman of Washington at a cafe. We had given the order, and while it was being filled she had opened a Morning Times and was carefully perusing the—to me—abschitely barren market page. Suddenly she

lately barren market page. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"Ah, I shall certainly lose \$500."

"Why, my dear," I answered, "has some one ron off without repaying a loan?"

"Oh, no." she said, with a nervous smile; "if's my stocks that are troubling me. Now, why din't I sell as I was advised? But whoever heard of Northwestern falling so low?"

"Northwestern what?" I asked.

"Humph! Well, you are a silly vonum," returned my cultured vies-vis, pulling off her Deut gloves and I wisling her rings so the stones were on the outside of her dainty fingers.

"The Northwestern is a railroad; I hav "The Northwestern is a rathroad, I have put money into marginson that stock. Now, if that firm up-railies and regains what it has lost, why we will run overto New York and hear Yvette Guilbert sing. Of course, I just speculate for fun."

Having nurmared something polite about he proposed jourt, T said: "How did you coine to do it at all?" "Well, I will tellyoff; esoterically, though

"It was Col. Jones who put me up to it. out of town and things were horribly dull, I was idling the afternoon in a hammock, reading a story by Ambony Hope. Isn't he clever? I read every one of his charty little books. I think he was invented to save u books. I think he was invented to save us women from being bored to death. "Where was I? O. yes, I was reading something of his; just finished it, in fact, and was yawing and wondering what next, wishing I was in the mountains.

COL. JONES ON OPTIONS. "Along came Col. Jones looking per-fectly happy and pleased with the world and himself. I asked him how he managed to keep from being bored, and he said. "The easiest thing in the world. Madam. Get on a little deal in ontions: something that is good and lively, and you'll be all

"Gamble!" My exclamation was cut short by a frigid stare through my friend's lorgnon. When she lowered them she said, a little coldly. "You are not informed, my dear, so please be careful of your expressions. Gambling is what they do in bucket-shops, I'm not sure."

"Perhaps they rush the growler," I suggested, but she didn't understand my slang any better than I did her technicali-

awful days"-and the little woman emphasized her remarks by waving her gloves in the air. "The bottom dropped out of every thing. That stock fell to \$3.20. Think of it. If I had soid!"

"I have made some money since that by sciling. I am by instinct a seller. Of course, one gets caught that way, too. But if I buy, Purlost. Last summer everything tended toward a revival. Every one talked optimistically. I bought against my judg-ment. I held that Tennessee Coal & Iron stock all this time. Now, see where I am." "TIS ALL A CHANCE. "But, then, it's all a risk, isn't it?" I

"These people on the inside know. I tell you, one wants to be on the inside. I believe this war talk is all to create a flurry."

Brocade and Quilled Satin.

a person's nerves are so tense that from mo-ment to moment it seems they must snap if another strain is placed on them, to have one person go to pieces and rant around, why it

"Won't you tell me the rules of this busi-

"Why, I could no more explain the business of dealing in stocks to you than I could tell you how to play whist. You know, you must handle the cards. But here is just a little of it. You know, few people buy stocks, actually. They do as you would in buying a house worth several thousand dollars, perhaps. You give \$200 for earnest money. But if the property should suddenly decrease in value you would sell out, or even let the \$200 go rather than be more involved."

That was the first clear explaination I had "Why, I could no more explain the busi That was the first clear explanation I had

WHETHER TO SELLOR BUY.
"I have been told it is usually better to

"Some people sell always, because they are naturally pessimistic. Some people buy because they are optimistic.
"The public usually buys, but the man behind the counter is apt to sell."
"And the public is usually buys."

parior. It's windows are hung with lace, and silk, and a handsome screen cuts off the gaze of curious passers-by. This is the place where the ladies wait. The quotations are read off from the ticker in the trear room. The middle room is occupied by a counter, where women deal. I asked what was the lowest deal I

-Life.

"We are covering three points, madam," I was told. "The market is so panicky that

it fluctuates too rapidly to take one point margins. It will cost you \$30 to make a deal."
"I think I had better wait," I said.

"Yes; come in about Thursday and it will be more settled. You can make a deal then for \$10."

Now, the question is, Does one really want to speculate when one reviews the situation? Is it a sane manner of living."

Splendid Vests.

A JEWELED "front" to your Louis Seize coat, or any other best bodice, is another of fashlon's freaks.

An expensive freak it is, too, for these fronts begin with a foundation of white satin so splendid in quality that it has almost the thickness of kid. This, in turn, will often be covered entirely with fine lace, each figure of which, perhaps, will be outlined with gold embroidery and set with colored geens and sown with spangles and sequins until the front is a mere jeweled breastplate.

The **EMRICH** BEEF CO.

Xmas 1895.

Presents the joyous Compliments of the Season to its thousands of Customers May every earthly Blessing fill the coming year, and

may its every meal be furnished by the

EMRICH BEEF CO.

Xmas 1895.

quiet woman over there? She will break down first, for she keeps it ah to herself,' And so it proved." "I should imagine the first woman you escribe would have been annoying."
"Annoying! She was distressing. When

"You should get him to sign the pledge before you marry him." "Why, he doesn't drink." "No, but he may be tempted to later."

It seemed very strange that one sh

look at everything through such a distorting glass, and think great nations disagreed for the purposes of gamblers. In the course of the talk, I mentioned the swell pince I had been told where deals are made, and said I had been told it was not

swell place I had been told where deals are made, and said I had been told it was not one of those awful bucket shops.

"Bon't you be fooled," she said. "That is just what it is."

"Why, a legitimate broker claims to have a correspondent on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, and to actually buy or sell stock. But such transactions take large sumsof money. Very few women deal that way. You ask Mrs. —. She was a square woman. She had a bucket shop and was too square to be a success."

A woman broker! The subject grew more interesting. I resolved to ask her other things. I sought this woman, and found her in a most luxurious home.

She was also a youngish and prefty woman, very much calmer than the little creature who had lost her all, and much more sincere than my friend who speculated for fun. Consequently I hoped to get at something here that would be actual information.

"Madam," I said, "I hope you will forgive my intrusion, but I want some advice from you. I have heard a great deal about women making money at stocks, and I want to try a little— deal.do you call it?"

women making money at stocks, and I want to try a little—deal, do you call it?"
"This is your first experience? Then my advise is, don't. You'd be almost sure to win, and that would be apt to be fatal."
She nestled down in a big arm chair, and spoke with a quiet drawl.

INITIAL SUCCESS IS FATAL.

"Were you successful at the start?"
"Yes; that's a long time ago to remember deal. It was when I was sixteen. I

made \$4,000 in wheat. It turned my head, and I soon lost \$2,600 of it. I kept on

so on."
"How did you come to be a broker?"
"Why, my brother and I were in several
deals together, and he thought he would
open a broker's office. He went to New
York, and while he was gone I took an
office for him. But he got mixed up in
other things, and as there were many
women in Washington speculating, why
I just kept on with the office, and it gave
them a pleasant place to deal."

"And now you are out of it?"
"Oh, I couldn't keep it up," she said, bringing her little hand in the curis of her Scotch collie, stretched out beside her low

"Women are very timid, nervous players as a rule. They can't stand it to lose. I remember one woman who was always walking about very nervously and demanding an opinion of everyone. 'Oh, gracious,' she would say, 'do you think that will be a go,' I've a notion to try that for a half

a point."
"Then if she lest she would run around and abese anyone who gave her advice. A gentleman who saw her one day said. I believe that woman is going to lose her mind." I said, "No, indeed. You see that

RIVALS.

"And the public is usually wrong?"
"Oh, if one knows how to play, no. Now,